

LOUISIANA FLIER BACK IN ACTION

Lt. Duval Off Missing Roll
for Second Time

BY ARTHUR VEYSEY

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Advanced Southwest Pacific Air Base, Aug. 9 (Delayed).—For the second time in a month the name of Lieutenant Leonard Duval, former boxer from Morgan City, La., who learned in the ring never to say quit, today was taken off the rolls of airmen missing in action and put back on the active list.

The last time he was shot down in the water and later rescued. This time after crashing off the beach beyond Sarmi, New Guinea, he and Pilot Lieutenant Kenneth Lindsey, Cherry Point, N. C., were captured by the Japs. The Japs killed Lindsey but Duval escaped only to be recaptured two days later and again escape and make his way through the jungle to an American outpost.

His pals in the "Grim Reapers," one of the Southwest Pacific's hardest working and most successful low level attack bomb outfits, say Duval is tough. He just smiles and says it's luck. Every one agrees his escape is one of the most sensational stories told here.

Duval who went to Sydney, Australia, for a month's leave after his last mishap, went on a second almost fatal mission as an observer, riding pick-back on the plane's catwalk to get the lay of land in the area his outfit began working over while he was on leave.

While strafing a beach west of Sarmi, the plane crashed in shallow water. The two enlisted men in the tail were killed. Lindsey had a possible broken back. Duval's head was gashed and his arms cut up.

Some Japs waded toward the plane. Duval fired his automatic once and the Japs replied manyfold. "I can't get away. Kill me," the pilot asked Duval. Duval refused. "We'll stick it out together," he said. He threw his pistol overboard.

As the Japs neared Duval climbed from the wreckage. With the Japs' help he lifted the pilot clear. The Japs carried him ashore and then blindfolded both men. Still carrying the pilot, the Japs marched Duval into their jungle camp, bound and then unshoed them and laid them in a shack.

Duval waited. The hours dragged on and he was left alone. Carefully he worked his hands free and then his feet, slipped off his dirty, rag blindfold. Nobody was in sight. Cautiously he crept from the shack and vanished into the jungle.

All night and the next and the

off his Jap shirt and junking his helmet, he shouted in the very best English so they wouldn't shoot.

He spent a week in a hospital, eating lots of food and getting rid of a bump the Jap officers had put on his head. Today he is well again and his name went back on the "Grim Reapers" personnel. But before his next flight he is going south for two weeks' leave. His buddies, however, don't expect him back for a month. "He deserves a little extra time," they said.

third night he slogged along jungle paths, roots cutting his feet. Just when he thought he was free he heard a Jap patrol and although he tried to hide they spotted him and grabbed him.

They stripped him completely and again trussed and blindfolded him. They laid him in the jungle brush and covered him with palm fronds. Then they went away.

Apparently they intended to complete their patrol and then pick up Duval on their return. But during the afternoon he again worked free. For an hour he built a hideout barely a stone's throw from where he was left.

"I figured they wouldn't look for me so close," he said.

Mad Search Fails

Shortly before dark the Japs returned. Shouting wildly they began a mad search. During the night Duval travelled fast as the jungle permitted. He almost walked into a small Jap camp, so he decided he had better wait until morning. When the Japs left their camp Duval stole some clothing drying on a line, tried on all the boots until he found a pair that fit, clamped on an oversized helmet on his head and boldly set off down the trail.

All day he passed Japs. "They grunted so I grunted back," Duval said.

That night he passed the Jap perimeter and two days later he saw an American patrol. Tearing